

ROBIN REDBREAST.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of Spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the maple tree.

"Nay," said the grandmother, "have you not
heard,
My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit?
And how drop by drop this merciless bird
Carries the water that quenches it?"

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in."

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned
bird!
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb:
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like him."

Amen! I said to the beautiful myth:
Stig, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of Hell.

Prayers of love like raindrops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And how to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like him in the good they do.

POJARSKY'S CUTLETS.

Genevieve Ward in The Theatre.

Many years ago, some time during the reign of the Czar Nicholas, the vast Russian Empire was ruled entirely by the will of one man, with the aid of the bayonet and the stick. Long before the vast regions between St. Petersburg and Odessa were traversed by railways the old postroad to Moscow ran through a village of some 1,500 inhabitants, called Ostashkovo, between Spivovo and Torjok. There were two houses of entertainment for travelers in the village—one a wretched little log cabin, of which the proprietor was the starosta, or head man of the community, and which was a more elaborate or dramschop; but at the other end of the village street there was a really comely, cleanly, tidy little hostelry, by the sign of The Three Golden Angels of Kiev, the landlord of which was one Fedor Eedorovich, who had a pretty little wife and a prettier daughter of a marriageable age. The starosta who kept the dramschop, and who was an unscrupulous old hunk, hated Fedor, because his house was clean, and because he was sober and industrious and free; for Fedor had been a crown peasant, and had served long in the army, and had made enough money as a sergeant attached to the commissariat to start an inn at Ostashkovo. Unfortunately his landlord was the noble absentee proprietor, and that landlord's agent was the avaricious starosta.

He began his plot for ruining the landlord of The Three Golden Angels at Kiev by allowing him to get behindhand with his rent, and even lending him small sums at exorbitant interest. In the course of a couple of years nearly all poor Fedor's possessions were mortgaged to his merciless creditor, who threatened that, on the first occurrence of failure of the interest due to him, he would seize upon Fedor's chattels, send him as a prisoner to the debtors' jail at Moscow, and turn his wife and child into the street. To meet these continuous demands the unhappy Fedor was obliged to part with the few articles of jewelry in the possession of the family. He sold his two horses, his pigs, and on the morning of this story—this very little story—opens, the poor wretch had sold his remaining cow and calf, which had been driven off to the market at Torjok. Three hours afterward, just about noon, a cavalcade of horses and carriages, escorted by a platoon of Cossacks, their lances glittering in the noontide sun, came pounding—if a body may use so sporting an expression—through the village street, and drew up with a tremendous clatter before the door of The Three Golden Angels. Cossacks dismounted; couriers, aids-de-camp, orderlies hurried to and fro, and amidst clattering of sabers and clinking of spurs, a tall, almost colossal figure, in a long, gray great-coat, and wearing a helmet surmounted by a golden spike, alighted from a traveling carriage and stalked into the inn, followed by a great crowd of officers in splendid uniforms, and all bare-headed. It was his Imperial Majesty Nicholas Alexandrovich, Czar of all the Russias, King of Poland and Grand Duke of Courland and Lithuania. It had happened that the Czar felt hungry at an unusually early hour, and that his autocratic will was to breakfast at Ostashkovo instead of Torjok, where the Imperial repast had been ordered by couriers in advance.

The miserable Fedor Eedorovich felt as a man might be expected to feel who was going to be hanged when General Count Costoy, amicably seizing him by the collar, informed him that he was about to appear in the Emperor's presence. Of course Fedor went on his knees, and thus awaited the Imperial orders.

"Is this the man of the house?" asked the Czar, speaking at Fedor, but not looking at him. "It is, your Majesty," replied the general, aid-de-camp, still retaining his hold on the innkeeper's collar, and giving him an unbecomingly little shake, as if he had been a dog. "Tell him," replied the Autocrat, "to prepare breakfast for myself and suite—eight persons—and to provide suitable refreshment for the rest of my followers, and forage for the horses. As regards breakfast—omelette (there's no fish, I suppose?) and vegetable cutlets, breakfast to be served at 1 o'clock. General, take my stop-watch, and see that strict military time is adhered to. Let him begone." Thus spoke the terrible Nicholas, whose word was law.

The general aid-de-camp courteously

conducted Fedor Eedorovich downstairs, even to the threshold of the kitchen. He had relaxed his hold on his collar, and held him quite in a caressing manner by the left ear. "Son of a mangy cur," he smilingly observed, "you've plenty of time to cook a succulent breakfast; his Imperial Majesty is particularly fond of vegetable cutlets." "But," gasped the unfortunate innkeeper, "there's not so much as a bit of veal in the whole village; the last calf we possessed was driven off to Torjok this morning." "You'll particularly see to the egg and bread-crumbling of the cutlet," pursued Count Costoy. "But there's no veal," whined Fedor Eedorovich. "Let there be a piquant sauce to the cutlet," continued the implacable aid-de-camp. "But, oh dear! oh dear! I can't get any veal," sobbed Fedor, fairly breaking down. "And serve lemon cut in slices with the veal cutlets," went on the inexorable aid-de-camp; and let it be very fresh veal." Fedor Eedorovich sank on his knees: "Mercy, mercy!" he cried, clasping his hands in supplication; "for the love of The Three Golden Angels of Kiev, mercy! Oh, little father, take mutton, beef, pork (I can get some at the starosta's), he said to himself. Oh, spare me the veal, for veal I have none." "Omelets and veal cutlets for eight," replied the imperturbable aid-de-camp, "at one o'clock to the minute by his Imperial Majesty's stop-watch," which he held in his hand. "Five minutes late, one hundred blows of the stick; ten minutes late, two hundred; failure in any essential particular, especially as regards the veal cutlets, the knot, branding on both cheeks, slitting of the nostrils, and immediate deportation to the mines of Siberia, there to be chained to a wheelbarrow or the term of your natural life; and if the veal be very tender." So greeting the kneeling Fedor with a friendly kick, the general aid-de-camp strolled away to smoke a cigar till breakfast should be ready.

I must draw a veil over Fedor's feelings; I must not say what he thought; I can only briefly narrate what he did. At 1 o'clock precisely, military time by the Emperor's stop-watch, breakfast was served. Omelets, dish of cucumbers, some small birds, a fillet, some sound Crimean white wine, and his Imperial Majesty declared that the cutlets, with piquant sauce, were the best he had ever tasted since he had dismissed Boustifaille, the French cook at the Winter Palace, for drinking too much dry Heidsieck in the forenoon. "These cutlets," said the Czar, "are fully equal to the proudest achievements in veal of Boustifaille, and I have a great mind to send the landlord of the inn to the White Palace at Moscow, and appoint him one of my assistant chiefs. Let him be sent for that I may reward him."

Once more in the most amicable manner Fedor Eedorovich was conducted by the general aid-de-camp into the imperial presence. "An excellent breakfast," his Majesty condescended to say; "the veal cutlets in particular most toothsome. Let him be paid one hundred imperial!" (an imperial is ten roubles); "that will cover, I should say, the whole bill; let him have my stop watch as a recompense for his punctuality and good cookery." "The dog is in luck," murmured the general aid-de-camp, as he prepared to hand over to Fedor the glittering horologe, which he had fondly hoped to keep for himself; for when sovereigns ever part with anything that is valuable they rarely get it back again. But Fedor Eedorovich was above all things an honest man. Plump on his knees he went; and again raising his hands in supplication, he ejaculated: "Oh, my father! Oh, my Czar! Oh, my sweet lord and master—I cannot take the money, although Heaven knows I need it sorely enough; I cannot take the watch, although it would shine bravely at the waist of my wife. Let me have five hundred blows of the stick; let me have the knot this very moment; let me be branded on both cheeks; let my nostrils be slit; and my ears be cropped; send me to Siberia and chain me to the wheelbarrow—for I deserve it all!" "Is the dog mad?" exclaimed his Imperial Majesty of All the Russias. "What does he mean?" "Are you mad, son of a mangy pig?" asked the general aid-de-camp, pointing his interrogation with a kick. "I am not mad," blubbered the innkeeper; "I am only an imposter and a cheat. The cutlets were not made of veal; there was no veal in the house; there is no veal in the village; and the aid-de-camp said veal or the knot—veal or Siberia. In despair it occurred to my wife that the flesh of four chickens, carefully minced and arranged in the form of cutlets, with little sharp shankbones carefully egged and bread-crumbed, and accommodated with a piquant sauce, might serve as a pinch in lieu of the cutlets demanded by your Majesty, when veal there was none. But I am—at least I was—an honest man. I abhor deception. Your Majesty's munificence disheartened me, and I confess the fraud of which I have been guilty. Now send for a knout and a wheelbarrow, and have me executed on the spot."

But, to the astonishment of all present, the Czar did not even frown. He burst, instead, into a hearty fit of laughter. "A capital ruse," he said, "and a most successful one. Let him have another hundred imperial for his honesty, and this diamond ring for his wife to wear on her saint's day. What is his name besides Fedor Eedorovich?" "Pojarsky, may it please your Majesty." "Then," continued the Emperor, "we grant him permission publicly to announce his stimulated veal cutlets as Cotelletes a la Pojarsky, as

patronized by our Imperial self." Ten minutes afterward, amidst renewed clatter and bustle, the Imperial cortege swooped on its way to Torjok, leaving Fedor Eedorovich Pojarsky with the two hundred imperial, the veining stop-watch and diamond ring in his pocket, for the moment probably the happiest man in Russia. Of course thenceforward everybody who passed through the village of Ostashkovo stopped at the sign of The Three Golden Angels of Kiev and partook of cotelletes a la Pojarsky. Of course Fedor Eedorovich made a little fortune through the preparation of the delicate viand. Of course thenceforward chickens went up, while the price of veal proportionately decreased in the market.

Chinese Table Etiquette.

Ting Lung Ho, an educated Chinaman, writes as follows: "According to the teachings of Confucius, no conversation must be carried on at table. This precept of Confucius, disagreeable though it must seem to many, prevents many embarrassments at table, namely, one's being interrupted when he tries to speak at table, and the boisterousness with which some carry on conversation at table. Chinese etiquette requires all to begin to eat at the same time, but each one before he begins to eat generally says, 'Let us begin,' which is accompanied by a gesture with the chopsticks. In finishing one's meal, the same gesture is used, but not the same words. He says then to those who are still eating, 'Do not be in haste.' It is customary for the elders to help the younger to those dishes which he cannot reach, but in receiving etiquette requires him or her to rise. In sitting at a Chinese table neither one's body nor his dress must touch the table, and great strictness is required in regard to one's position is enforced. It is not according to Chinese etiquette to look around when one is eating, nor to stare at one another. Remarks made on the food and the smacking of one's lips are (I am sorry to say) allowable in Chinese etiquette. The chopsticks, when one is not using them, must be placed on the table close together, perpendicular to the spoon. According to Chinese etiquette, it is rude for one to finish too soon; one must try to keep together with the rest, though it is becoming for inferiors to finish a little before their superiors, but not a little too late. Reading of periodicals is strictly forbidden, but letters are allowed if they are very important. One very seldom asks for an excuse from table in China, but every one goes at the same time."

The Far West and the Moon.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, writes as follows to the New York Tribune: "During my recent journey across the Western States (from Kansas City through Denver, Cheyenne, Ogden, and San Francisco, and back to Cheyenne and Omaha through St. Joseph to Kansas City) I was much struck by the singular resemblance between the configuration of the North American continent and that of the moon's surface as seen with good telescopes. The journey from Missouri to the Rocky Mountains is usually considered monotonous (so much so, indeed, that one station near the western border of Kansas has received the suggestive name of Monotony.) But I found those wide-spread plains (not strictly level but slightly undulating) covered with prairie grass, as impressive in their way as the Rocky Mountains themselves. (The undulations, let me note, resemble those of a sea crossed by two or more series of wide and gentle undulations.) The rise from Kansas City to Sherman, 8,234 feet above the sea level, is so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, except near Sherman, and the aspect of the country changes much less than one would expect. The chief change in the character of the more level parts arises from the difference in the character of the vegetation, the prairie grass being replaced at a higher level by buffalo grass, and that in its turn at a higher level by sage brush. These broad, undulating regions, gradually slanting upward to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, strikingly resemble the great so-called 'seas' on the moon, bordered by ranges of mountains, beyond which lie the regions of great volcanic craters. These lunar seas, with their prevalent dark tints, are among the most striking features of the moon's surface, and rightly apprehended, indicate a former condition of the moon, resembling that now prevailing on the earth. They show that the moon, though now arid, had once seas, such as our earth has at present. The slow processes of change by which the lunar seas were turned to dry land, are taking place now, though on a larger scale (but even more slowly), on the earth. The lunar surface much more nearly resembles that of the New World than that of Europe, Asia, Africa or Australia."

The Lord of Burleigh.

The Lord of Burleigh is, of course, the Marquis of Exeter, who married a poor cottager. He was an amateur artist, indeed, but he was not the youthful artist delineated by the poet Tennyson. Lord Exeter was a widower. He had been unhappily married and divorced from his wife by act of Parliament. He was a man who used to lay aside all the trappings of rank and betake himself to quiet ways of wandering about the country to paint. In this guise he used to wander through various secluded districts, and many of the wise among us know the rest and quiet which such solitary wanderings give. He made friends of the peasantry folk,

and became on great terms of intimacy with some of the humble people. Our readers will recollect that something of this kind was the case with a Lord Byron and a Lord Aberdeen. There was one poor cottage where he was especially made welcome, and which, for two or three years, he made his headquarters. It so happened that in the course of these wanderings, Lord Exeter fell ill. In his favorite cottage he was nursed and well cared for. One of those who attended the sick peer with the greatest kindness and attention was a daughter of the house, a young girl of fifteen. The sick man was greatly touched by this kindness and attention. It is a curious fact that your middle-aged man often falls in love with quite a young girl; and it is a still more curious fact that the young girl will just as often, or as seldom, fall in love with the middle-aged man. It is not until after the marriage that the radical incongruity between May and December is made apparent. Lord Exeter determined to make the young girl his bride, and enthrone her in state at "Burleigh House by Stamford town." Things, however, were not exactly managed as set forth in the lyric. Lord Exeter thought that his future wife was both too young and too uneducated for her great position. The young lady was sent to a good school and received an excellent training. All this time he religiously preserved the secret of his rank. They were married; and then came the great sensational surprise of his declaring his rank and welcoming her as the Lady of Burleigh. The melancholy conclusion of Tennyson's ballad is, in the main, true enough. The young girl thus married had several children, and then she faded away. Perhaps it was, as the poet says, "through the burden of a greatness to which she was not born." Perhaps it was not only the inequality of station, but the inequality of age and tastes. Such is the true story of this romantic and famous marriage. It comes to me indirectly through a brother of the bride, an unbeneficed clergyman of the Church of England, who, though sent to college at the expense of his brother-in-law, had reasons for afterward refusing promotion from the Exeter family. He was for many years curate of Sefton, near Liverpool. The bride's name was the unpunctual one of Sarah Hoggins, as may be verified by a reference to the Peerage.

IOWA TOURISTS.

The Iowa Commercial Travelers Association.

The Iowa Commercial Travelers' Association, at their banquet in Des Moines, extended an invitation to George W. Peck of the Milwaukee Sun to respond to the sentiment, "Our Wives and Sweethearts, and Little Ones at home." George was not there in person, but yet he did not fail to be heard from, and this is the way he did it:

"Your kind invitation to be present at the banquet of the Commercial Travelers of the northwest, as well as a notification that I would be expected to respond to a toast, 'Our Wives and Sweethearts and Little Ones at home,' is received, and I regret that the wife and little ones at home will make it impossible for me to be with you. That is the sweetest toast that man has ever called upon to respond to. Very few traveling men, who have good wives, loving sweethearts and dear little children at home, sending loving messages to them, often ever stray very far from the straight and narrow path. There is no class of men on earth that have greater temptations and better opportunities to be 'cusses on wheels' than the traveling men of the northwest; and when I say that they stand up under it as a confounded sight better than the same number of ministers or editors would, I don't want you to think I am giving you any confectionery from my sample case. Through snows of winter, mud of spring and fall, and heat of summer, the traveling man makes his connections and sends in his orders, and seems to enjoy religion with the best of them. But the happiest days for him, and the shortest, are those that he spends at home with his wife, the children or sweetheart. There can be more tears brought to the eyes of the traveling man by a little child putting its arms around his neck and saying, 'My dear, precious papa,' than could be brought out by any other press that I know of, however powerful. I know there is occasionally a traveling man who always has his sign out ready to be mashed, but he never neglects his business for any foolishness. He would leave the finest country club that ever winked a wink to sell a bill of brown sugar on sixty days' time. It is said that the average traveling man will keep a whole seat in a car and never offer to give half of it to a man, when, if a handsome woman comes in, he will fly around and divide with her. Well, who the deuce wouldn't? That shows that his heart is in the right place. A man can go into the smoking car and sit on the wood box, but a woman has got to sit down, at least that is the way I should explain it. Boys, may the trips become shorter each year, and the visits to the dear ones at home be extended, so that in time you may be detailed to stay at home always, with an increase of salary or an increase in the business; and, I am sure, when the time comes you will be the happiest fellow that ever had thousand mile tickets punched, and when your time comes to attend the grand banquet above, and you appear before St. Peter at the gate, and begin to open up your samples, he will simply look at your business card and turn to the clerk and say, 'give these boys all front rooms, and see that there is a fire escape and plenty of towels,

and that the rooms are aired, and then step down to the postoffice and reserve them some seats for the sacred concert this evening. Pass right in now and get a check for your over-shoes." Your very truly,
Geo. W. Peck.

VIEWS IN PARIS.

BY REV. P. L. JONES.

Fere la Chaise, the great national cemetery of France, may be called a "city of the dead," for its tombs are small, chapel-like structures, arranged on narrow streets.

Many names of a national and of a world-wide reputation are there. Aubert, Rossini, Racine, Rachel, Thiers, Ney, and many others, are lying there in their long rest.

One of the most impressive graves is that of Ney. It has no monument, and the name "Ney" alone upon the step denotes its occupant. But as our guide said: "The tomb does not make the man; and we need no marble to evoke respect." "Bravest of the brave," vainly seeking death on the battle-field, to find it at the hands of his countrymen; we honor his memory.

The Bois de Boulogne is the great pleasure ground of the Parisians. It contains twenty-four hundred acres, but is not as fine as our own Fairmount. It has many noble avenues, and though robbed of its finest trees during the siege, it has an abundance remaining.

We will drive through it on our way to Versailles, passing en route, Mont Valerien, the largest fortification of Paris, and St. Cloud, the favorite residence of the last Emperor. It lies in ruins now, burned by French shells. It was occupied by Wellington and Blucher in 1815; and the Parisians determined to keep it from Bismarck in 1870. And so they destroyed what otherwise might have been preserved, for at Versailles the Prussians covered even the pictures that they might not be injured.

Near Versailles are the Great and Little Triangles; one a palace built for a Maid of Honor who became a mistress; the other, the delight of the Queen who was beheaded.

Who shall determine their connection, and how far the elevation of Madame de Maintenon produced the misfortune of Marie Antoinette? So subtle is the relation of our fault to our retribution.

Few of your readers need to be told of the riches of the Louvre, many of them have explored them for themselves. We spent hours where we might have passed days. Besides statues and rare antiquities, there are two thousand and five hundred paintings.

Some of them you would pass with a glance; before others you will stand enraptured. Notable among these, and the conceived Ascension of the Virgin, by Murillo, two "Maddonnas," by Raffaele, and Christ on the cross, by Rubens. The last named is not not our favorite. He is powerful but gross. One large room is entirely devoted to him. His figures are sufficiently undraped, but his most ardent admirers would not write under them "beauty undraped."

Some noble ceilings attracted our notice. Especially impressed on our memories, are M. Angelo and Raffaele, before Pope Julius the II., the one presenting the plan of St. Peter's and the other a draught of one of his immortal paintings; and Joseph rescuing Egypt from the famine he had predicted. Side by side with these shall we remember the magnificent work of Greuze, over the altar in St. Sulpice, and in the dome of the Pantheon. One of the most noble works of art we saw was the altarpiece of the former church. Sculptured from a single block of sandstone, the Madonna stands upon a globe, with her feet enfolded by clouds, while a skillful arrangement of the light throw a peculiar softness and glory over the whole.

The tapestry portraits in the Louvre interested us. We were surprised to learn what they really were, as they seemed equal to the best oil paintings. We afterward visited the Gobelin factory in which they were produced. Each thread of the wondrous fabric is spun separately and is then beaten down upon its fellows. Effects are produced by different shades, as the artist works from his pattern. One man will make in a day an inch and a half square, and a piece may be ten years upon the loom. So slowly do great things grow. On our rounds, we shall not forget Notre Dame, the Metropolitan Church of Paris. It is a splendid church but the general effect to us seemed marred by the mingling of Greek columns with its otherwise Gothic architecture. Likewise, we shall not be likely to overlook the shops of Paris; and we may be poorer as well as wiser for the remembrance. But no one knows what form of dainty beauty can be wrought by fertile brains and nimble fingers, until he has strolled among the brilliantly-lighted stores of the Palais Royal, and Rue Rivoli.

The Yellowstone National Park. The annual report of P. W. Norris, Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, so-called, makes a volume of sixty-five pages, and is entertaining in its matter. Recalling the experience of tourists last year, when the season was one of unusual coldness, with an unprecedented depth of snow and consequent flooding of the mountain streams, it would be worth while to advise tourists not to visit the Yellowstone Park until the close of July. "Ignorance of or inattention to this warning," writes the Superintendent, "resulted last year in many needless hardships, privations and delays, with much unjust criticism and censure to myself." With a vast extent of country, inadequate means and very little help, it is impossible for the Superintendent to keep open all the routes, or,

rather, trails, over this wild region, and it is very silly on the part of travelers to expect gravel walks, rustic bridges or macadamized roads. The Superintendent has made a careful survey of the Yellowstone Lake, which has a vertical elevation a mile and a half higher than many of our Eastern cities. It is begirt with snowy mountains, thousands of feet high, and on its shores are deposits of sulphur, the temperature of the water modified by boiling hot streams. In Summer the lake is visited by storms, which sometimes are quite terrific, making navigation on the lake in small boats dangerous. Such is the volcanic character of the region that the Superintendent expresses how difficult it is to give indications to tourists with the common appliances of sign-boards. Nature, apparently, in the Yellowstone region will not brook such prosaic indications as "This way to the Geyser," "Take to the left for the Paint-pot," or "Around this corner to the Salses." The geysers bespatter the signs with mud and make them illegible, or they are consumed by fires, and stone crumbles and iron corrodes. The guides of the region the superintendent divides into two kinds—the reliable and honest ones, and those who, guides at one time, are pilferers and marauders at other times. These are represented to be lawless and utterly unscrupulous. They kindle the fires which devastate the region, slaughter the game and depol the geysers cones, while they rob the tourist by extortionate charges. An urgent appeal is made for the better protection of the bison, moose, elk, deer, antelope and big-horn sheep, where with little care they might be made to multiply rapidly.

LITTLE FOLKS.

Examination in a South American school. "Now, my boy, how is the earth divided?" "By earthquakes sir."

A clergyman had been "cramping" his four-year-old boy with bible stories for nearly an hour, when the young hopeful "broke out" with, "Oh papa, papa, tell me some other kind of stories, those are too thin."

When a Chicago little boy is bad, and his mamma orders him to stand in the corner, he edges toward the door, and remarks: "Say, ma, is it a corner in lard or a corner in pork?"

A bright little three-year-old while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed: "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

Last summer she was eating green corn by gnawing it from the cob, when her teeth became entangled with a corn silk. "Oh, dear," said she, impatiently, "I wish when they get the corn made they would pull out the basting threads!"

Tommy is crying bitterly. "What," says his sympathizing sister, "have they done to you?" "Nothing." "Did your nurse scold you?" "No." "Did Harry strike you?" "No." "What then is the matter?" "I just feel that I'm going to be bad to-day, that's all!"

A Capital Choice Cousin Amy—"So, you haven't made up your mind yet what profession you're going to be when you grow up, Bobby?" Bobby—"Well, yes! I don't exactly know what it's called, you know, but it's living in the country, and keeping lots of horses, and dogs, and all that!"

A French mother was talking before baby of the old prison for debt in the Rue de Clichy. "Mamma," said the little one, "what is debt?" "A debt is to buy a doll when you have no money to pay for it." "And where is that prison?" "It is torn down." Immediately baby started toward the door. "Where are you going, my child?" "I am going to buy a doll."

A man in Guilford, Conn., who was too poor to indulge in any luxuries other than children, was presented by a loving but unreckoning wife with triplets—three boys—and he sought for some family to adopt them. Mr. Clark was rather inclined to take them, but his good wife thought one would perhaps be enough. They were talking it over before their little eight-year-old daughter, who said, "Why don't we take one of them, ma? or don't they want to break the set?"

"Johnny," said his father as the boy took the primal biscuit from the plate, "don't you know that it is impolite to help yourself before your elders?" "Why, pa, mother told me to help myself before you." "What do you mean, sir?" asked his father, while his mother looked up with astonishment depleted in every feature. "Why, I heard mother tell Aunt Hannah that she hoped I wouldn't take after you, and so I thought I'd take my biscuit first."

Little Fritz was but two and a half years old when he paid a visit to his grandfather's farm, where all was new to the little fellow who lived in a large city; and greatly did he delight in accompanying his grandpapa in his daily search for fresh eggs. One day grandpapa came into the family sitting-room, saying: "Who has taken all the eggs from my setting hen? I have found twelve little round potatoes in the nest, but no eggs." With wide open eyes and merry, dimples dancing around the cherry mouth, "I did," cried the little fellow. "But," said the grandpapa, "don't you know that we shall have no little chickens, now?" "Why, dranna," replied Fritz, "dat ole hen is so 'tupid her will never know the difference."

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Apples and Onions.—Boil the onions and when almost tender add apples the same as with the cabbage. Season to suit the taste with butter, pepper and salt.

Egg Dumplings.—Make a batter of a pint of milk, two well beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and four enough to make a batter as thick as for pound cake. Have a clean saucepan of boiling water, let the water boil fast, drop in the batter by the tablespoonful (four or five minutes will boil them), take them with a skimmer on a dish, put a bit of butter and grated nutmeg, with syrup or sugar over.

Apple Pudding.—Pare and quarter a quart of apples, and place in a three-quart basin. Cover them with a layer of biscuit dough rolled nearly an inch thick. Cut a large gash in the dough and add sufficient water to stew the apples. Cover with a close fitting tin and put a smoothing iron on top to keep it in place. Set on the stove and when the apples are done the crust will be also. Serve hot with sugar.

Apple Snow.—Peel, core and slice six large apples; stew them to a pulp with sufficient sugar to sweeten them; take them from the fire and beat them smooth; meantime beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth, gently mix them with two heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the apple pulp and pile the snow thus made in a rough heap on a high dish; a few bits of bright colored jelly, or a row of candied orange or lemon rings make the dish look very pretty.

Scrambled Eggs.—Many use only eggs with butter and salt for this dish—for four eggs, one tablespoonful of butter. Melt the butter and turn in the beaten eggs, and stir quickly one or two minutes over a hot fire. A common practice is to increase the quantity without impairing the quality by adding milk—a small cupful to six eggs, and a tablespoonful of butter with salt and pepper as preferred. Stir these ingredients over a hot fire putting in the butter first until the whole thickens. It should be soft and creamy when done. It is very fine served on toast.

Custard Pie.—Beat separately the whites and yolks of four eggs—then put them together and beat again, adding while beating a scant teaspoonful of sugar. To this mixture add gradually a quart of rich milk, with a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of flavoring. Line some deep pie plates with crust, fill them with the mixture, and bake until the custard is firm. If the oven is so hot that it threatens to brown the top before the crust can bake, then cover the pies with thick brown grocer's paper.

Apples and Cabbage.—Cut the cabbage and cook the same as for hot slaw. When nearly done turn in an equal quantity of sliced apples. Season with butter, pepper and salt, and dish as soon as the apples are done. This method was given to my mother by an old gentleman who said that once in his life he found it impossible to procure sugar and vinegar for seasoning apples and cabbages. They proposed cooking them together and liked them well. My mother tried it, and it was thereafter her favorite method.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Place a cup of milk to boil, butter a deep earthen dish, and on the bottom of the dish place a teaspoonful of salt. Have your meal read sifted, and when your milk boils turn it into the dish and stir one way, as fast as possible, a large cup of meal into it, then add a tablespoonful of butter, one of cinnamon, a cup of molasses, and after stirring well, let it stand till perfectly cold. When you place it in the oven, turn a half pint of milk on top of the pudding without stirring it, and let it bake three or four hours, moderate fire. It should be taken from the oven two hours before it is used, that the whey may cool, which makes a most delicious jelly. It is best to be made over night, and put into the oven the first thing in the morning.

Mysticism in Current American Poetry.

The poetry of American magazines, written mainly by what may be called the third generation of American poets, —counting Bryant, Emerson, and their contemporaries as the first, and Stoddard, Sedgwick, Aldrich, and men of about their age as the second generation,—the current periodical poetry we say, is largely infused with an element of mysticism which is, apparently, one sign of the widening of the influence of Emerson. The effect of the Emersonian literature upon the men to whom his words were first addressed was immediate and powerful. The range of influence was at first, however, narrow in extent, while to-day it is spreading in every direction. This is because Emerson has not been merely an exhorter, but an artist as well. His mysticism has been put into enduring forms of art, not only in his essays, but especially in his most original and even yet only half appreciated poetry. Some of the most notable instances of the effect of Emerson's art upon other poets' minds are found in the poems of Julia Ward Howe and "H. H."—poets, both of them, of decided individuality, but with a strong coloring reflected from him whom many believe to be not only one of the most virile, but the most poetic, of American poets.

It being proved at a recent trial that a man's name was really "Inch," when he pretended it was "Linch," "I see," said the Judge, "the old proverb is verified in this man, who, being allowed an inch has taken an L."